





Non Sans Droict





THE
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



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Shrewsbury Castle.

SHAKESPEARE'S
FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.



WITH PREFACE ·
GLOSSARY & C. BY
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ ·
M.A.

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"Enter the Young Prince, Ned, and Tom.

Prince. Come away, Ned and Tom.

Both. Here, my Lord.

Prince. Come away, my lads. Tell me, sirs, how much gold have you got?

Ned. I' faith, my lord, I have got five hundred pound.

Tom. Faith, my lord, some four hundred pound.

Prince. Four hundred pounds; bravely spoken, lads. But tell me, sirs, think you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my father's receivers?

Ned. Why, no, my lord, it was but a trick of youth.

Prince. Faith, Ned, thou sayest true: but tell me, sirs, whereabouts are we?

Tom. My lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Prince. But, sirs, I marvel that Sir John Oldcastle comes not away. Zounds! see where he comes.

Enter Jockey (i.e. Sir John Oldcastle).

How now, Jockey, what news with thee?

Jockey. Faith, my lord, such news as passeth; for the town of Deptford is risen with hue and cry after your man, which parted from us the last night, and has set upon and hath robbed a poor carrier.

Prince. Zounds! the villain that was wont to spy out our booties."

The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, Sc. i.

Preface

Henry IV.—Parts I. and II.

The Early Editions. (I.) *The First Part of King Henry the Fourth*, entered on the Stationers' Registers, under date of February 25, 1597-8, appeared for the first time in a Quarto edition, with the following title-page:—"The History of Henrie the Fourth; with the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe. At London. Printed by P. S. for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598." (*Cp.* Grigg's Facsimile edition.)

No less than five subsequent Quarto editions appeared before the publication of the play in the first Folio; they were issued in 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Other Quartos belong to the years 1632 and 1639. Each edition seems to have been derived from its predecessor.

The title of the play in the Folio is, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Surnamed Hotspurre." The Cambridge editors refer the Folio text to a partially corrected copy of the fifth Quarto. The earlier Quartos were, however, probably consulted by the corrector.

(II.) *The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth* was first published

in Quarto in 1600, with the following title-page:—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henry the fifth. With the humours of Sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundry times publickely acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." (*Cp. Grigg's Facsimile edition.*) The play was entered by the publishers upon the Stationers' Registers on August 23rd of the same year.

By some accident the first scene of Act III. had been omitted in some copies of the Quarto. The error was rectified by inserting two new leaves, the type of some of the preceding and following leaves being used; hence there are two different impressions of the latter part of Act II. and the beginning of Act III. ii.

The text of this Part in the first Folio was probably ultimately derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains passages which had evidently been originally omitted in order to shorten the play for the stage. "Some of these are among the finest in the play, and are too closely connected with the context to allow of the supposition that they were later additions, inserted by the author after the publication of the Quarto" (Cambridge editors). Similarly, the Quarto contains passages not found in the Folio, and for the most part "the Quarto is to be regarded as having the higher critical value."

Date of Composition. There is almost unanimity among scholars in assigning 1 *Henry IV.* to the year 1596-1597. (i.) According to Chalmers, the opening lines of the play "plainly

allude" to the expedition against Spain in 1596. Similarly the expression 'the poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose' (II. i.) may be connected with the *Proclamation for the Dearth of Corn*, etc., issued in the same year. The introduction of the word 'valiant,' detrimental to the metre of the line, in Act V. iv. 41,

"The spirits
Of (valiant) Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms,"

may perhaps also point to 1596-7 as the original date of composition: the Shirleys were knighted by the Queen in 1597.

(ii.) The earliest reference to the play occurs in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; while Ben Jonson ends his *Every Man Out of His Humour* with the words, "You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff." In the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, acted at St John's College, Cambridge, Christmas 1598, there are what seem to be obvious reminiscences of the tapster's 'Anon, Anon, Sir.*' The point is of special interest in view of Mr. H. P. Stokes' suggestion that 1 *Henry IV.* was itself originally a Christmas play of the previous year, 1597.

(iii.) General considerations of style corroborate these pieces of external evidence; its subtle characterisation, "its reckless ease and full creative power," its commingling of the serious and the comic, its free use of verse and prose, make the play "a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy" rather than a mere "history,"—"historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad humour" (Verplanck). *Henry IV.* bears, in fact, the same relationship to *Richard III.*, *King John*, and *Richard II.* that

* Cp. "I shall no sooner open this pint pot but the word like a knave-tapster will cry 'Anon, Anon, Sir,'" etc.

The Merchant of Venice does to such early comedies as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen*, *Comedy of Errors*, etc. The simple plots of the earlier histories gave place to the more complex *Henry IV.*, much in the same way as the simple love-comedies were succeeded by the polymythic method of *The Merchant of Venice*. As far as the introduction of prose is concerned, the case of the present play is specially remarkable; * the earlier historical pieces, following the example of Marlowe's *Edward II.*, contained practically no prose at all. Similarly, in his avoidance of rhyme as a trick of dramatic rhetoric, Shakespeare shows, in *Henry IV.*, that he has learnt to differentiate between his lyrical and dramatic gifts. His earlier work in the department of history was indeed largely experimental, and bore many marks of Shakespeare's apprentice hand; none of these previous efforts produced a typically Shakespearian drama; in *Henry IV.* Shakespeare, as it were, discovered himself.

The *Second Part of Henry IV.*, "at once the supplement and epilogue of the first part, and the preparation for the ensuing dramatic history of Henry V.," may with certainty be dated 1598-9. Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, acted in 1599, contains an early allusion to Justice Silence.† It was probably not written, as has been maintained on insufficient ground, before the Stationers' entry of 1 *Henry IV.* in 1598, the title-page of the first Quarto of Part I., as well as the entry, imply that no second part was then in existence. 'Christmas 1598' may perhaps be the actual date of its first production.

* 1464 lines of prose occur in 1 *Henry IV.*, and 1860 lines in 2 *Henry IV.* out of a total 3170 and 3437 lines respectively.

† *Savi.* What's he, gentle Mons. Brisk? Not that gentleman?

Fasl. No, lady; this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.

The Sources of the Plot. The materials of both parts of *Henry IV.* were derived from (I.) Hall's and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, and (II.) from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which was acted before 1588, and of which editions appeared in 1594 and 1597 (*Hazlitt, Shakespeare Library*, Pt. II, i. 323).

(I.) On the whole, Shakespeare has followed history closely in this play; among the most striking deviations is, perhaps, Shakespeare's intentional change in making Hotspur and the Prince of the same age, in order to heighten the contrast between them. The characters of Glendower, Northumberland, Mowbray, the Archbishop, and Prince John, as well as that of Hotspur, have all undergone slight changes at Shakespeare's hands. Noteworthy errors (due to the original *Chronicles*), are:—(i.) calling the Earl of Fife son to the beaten Douglas—an error due to the omission of a comma in Holinshed; (ii.) confounding the Edward Mortimer, prisoner, and afterwards son-in-law of Glendower, and second son of the first Earl of March, with his nephew the Earl of March, entitled to the throne by legitimate succession, at this time a child in close keeping at Windsor Castle. Hence, in one place, Lady Percy is correctly styled Mortimer's sister, in another she is referred to as his aunt (*Lloyd, Critical Essays*, p. 228; *Courtenay's Commentaries on the Historical Plays*, I. pp. 75-159).

(II.) The old Chronicle of *The Famous Victories* certainly provided Shakespeare with substantial hints for the comic element of his play,—“Ned, Gadshill, the old tavern in Eastcheap, the hostess, the recognition of Sir John Oldcastle, or at least his horse, down even to the ‘race of ginger,’ that was to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, meet our eyes as we turn over

the pages," but, in the words of the same critic, "never before did genius ever transmute so base a *caput mortuum* into ore so precious."

Falstaff. Sir John Oldcastle, one of the Prince's wild companions in the old play, appears to have been the original of the character subsequently called Sir John Falstaff. A trace of the old name is still to be found in 1 *Henry IV.*, where the Prince addresses the knight as '*my old lad of the castle*' (I. ii. 47): in 2 *Henry IV.* (Quarto 1), the prefix *Old.* is found before one of Falstaff's speeches. The fact that "Falstaff" was substituted for "Oldcastle" throughout the plays perhaps explains the metrical imperfections of such a line as '*Away, good Ned, Falstaff sweats to death*' (II. ii. 115). In the final Epilogue the change is still further emphasised (*vide* Note on the passage, 2 *Henry IV.*). The tradition, however, remained, and in the Prologue to the play of *Sir John Oldcastle* (printed in 1600, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page of some copies) direct reference is made to the degradation the Lollard martyr had suffered at the hands of the dramatist:—

*"It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one whose virtue shone above the rest.
. . . . Let fair truth be graced,
Since forged invention former times defaced."*

As late as 1618, Nathaniel Field, in his *Amends for Ladies*, referred to "the fat Knight, hight Oldcastle," and not to Falstaff, as he who "truly told what honour was." This single passage, in Mr Halliwell's opinion, would alone render it highly probable

that some of the theatres in acting *Henry IV.* retained the name after the author had altered it to that of Falstaff. (Hence it is inferring too much to argue from the prefix 'Old' in a single passage, 2 *Henry IV.* I. ii. 137, that the Second Part of the play was written previously to the date of entry of the First Part in February 1598.)

There is in this case abundance of evidence to confirm the ancient tradition handed down to us by Rowe, that "this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of Oldcastle; some of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it." Many Protestant writers protested against the degradation of the famous Lollard. "It is easily known," wrote Fuller in his *Worthies of England* (ed. 1811, ii. p. 131-2), "out of what purse this black penny came; the Papists railing on him for a heretic, and therefore he must also be a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age." *

"Now," continued old Fuller, "as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name; . . . few do heed the inconsiderable difference in spelling of their name." Falstaff seems indeed to owe something more than his mere name to the famous Sir John Fastolf (c. 1378-1459), the degradation of whose character comes out so strongly in 1 *Henry VI.* (III. ii. 104-9; iv. 19-47), "where Fastolf (spelt Falstaff) is portrayed as a contemptible craven in the presence

* Cp. Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*, with its noble vindication of the martyr's character:—

"*Faint-hearted? tut! faint-stomached! faint as I am,
God-willing, I will burn for Him.*"

of Joan of Arc's forces; and as publicly stripped of his garter by Talbot."

Perhaps Fastolf's reputed sympathy with Lollardism may, as Mr Gairdner suggests, have encouraged Shakespeare to bestow his name on a character bearing the appellation of an acknowledged Lollard like Oldcastle. Both characters suffered at the hands of their enemies; but the historical Sir John Fastolf, even as the historical Sir John Oldcastle, found many enthusiasts ready to defend his memory.

"To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright," wrote Fuller in the noteworthy passage already quoted, "though the stage hath been overbold with his memory, making him a *thrasonical puff*, and emblem of mock valour."* (*The Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by T. O. Halliwell, 1541; Gairdner and Spedding's *Studies*, pp. 54-77, "On the Historical Elements in Shakespeare's Falstaff;" vide "Sir John Fastolf" in *Dictionary of National Biography*, by Sidney Lee, etc.); *cp.* Preface to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Duration of Action. (I.) The time of 1 *Henry IV.*, as analysed by Mr P. A. Daniel, covers ten 'historic' days, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three months at the outside (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.*, 477-79):—

Day 1. Act. I. i. London. News of the battle of Holmedon,

* "The magnificent knight, Sir John Fastolf, bequeathed estates to Magdalen College, Oxford, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior scholars; but the benefactions in time yielding no more than a penny a week to the scholars who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, *Falstaff's buckram-men*" (Warton).

etc. *Interval*: a week (?). Hotspur comes to Court.

[*Day 1a.* Act I. ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, etc. The robbery at Gadshill planned].

Day 2. Act I. iii. Rebellion of the Percys planned. *Interval*: some three or four weeks.

Day 3. Act II. iii. Hotspur resolves to join the confederates at Bangor. *Interval*: a week. Hotspur and Worcester reach Bangor.

[*Days 2a, 3a.* Act II. i. ii. iv.; (Act III. ii.)].

Day 4. Act III. i. Bangor. *Interval*: about a fortnight.

Day 5. Act III. ii. Prince Hal and his father. *Interval*: about a week.

Day 6. Act III. iii. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. *Interval*: a week.

Day 7. Act IV. i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. *Interval*.

Day 8. Act IV. ii. Near Coventry.

Day 9. Act IV. iii. The rebel camp. Act IV. iv. York.

Day 10. Act V. i. to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The historic period represented ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 12th June 1402, to the Battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July 1403.

(II.) The time of 2 *Henry IV.* occupies nine days as represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, comprising altogether a period of about two months:—

Day 1. Act I. i. *Interval*.

Day 2. Act I. iii.; Act II. iii. *Interval* (within which fall

Day 1a: Act I. ii. and *Day 2a*: Act II. i. ii. iv.).

Day 3 (the morrow of *Day 2a*): Act III. i. *Interval*.

Day 4. Act III. ii. *Interval*.

Day 5. Act IV. i.-iii. *Interval*.

Day 6. Act IV. iv. v.

Day 7. Act V. ii, *Interval* (including *Day 3a*: Act V. i. iii.).

Day 8. Act V. iv.

Day 9. Act V. v.

The historic period covers from 21st July 1403, to 9th April 1413.



KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, *Prince of Wales,* } *sons to the King.*
JOHN *of Lancaster,* }

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*

HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*

HENRY PERCY, *surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

ARCHIBALD, *Earl of DOUGLAS.*

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, *a friend to the Archbishop of York.*

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England.*

The First Part of
King Henry IV.

Act First.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10

All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20
We are impressed and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear 30
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down

But yesternight : when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered ;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord ;
For more uneven and unwelcome news 50
Came from the north and thus it did import :
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour ;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse, 60

Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son 71
To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :
And is not this an honourable spoil ?
A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow

Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90
But let him from my thoughts. What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching: this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this; 100
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

London. An apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. 10

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, —majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be 30
men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' 40
and spent with crying 'Bring in;' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin? 50

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there. 60

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 70

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

80

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked

90

very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, 110
Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by

merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for 120
him? This is the most omnipotent villain that
ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says
Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack
and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and
thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on
Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a
cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall 130
have his bargain; for he was never yet a
breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil
his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word
with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the
devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning,
by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are
pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, 140
and traders riding to London with fat purses:
I have vizards for you all; you have horses for
yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester:
I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-

cheap : we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns ; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward ; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going. 150

Poins. You will, chops ?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one ?

Prince. Who, I rob ? I a thief ? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a mad-cap. 160

Fal. Why, that 's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone : I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion 170
and him the ears of profiting, that what thou
speakest may move and what he hears may be
believed, that the true prince may, for recreation
sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of
the time want countenance. Farewell: you
shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-
hallown summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with
us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I 180
cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto
and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have
already waylaid; yourself and I will not be
there; and when they have the booty, if you
and I do not rob them, cut this head off from
my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting
forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them,
and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein 190
it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they
adventure upon the exploit themselves; which
they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll
set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases 200 of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: 210 how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

Prince. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness: 220

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That, when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. 231
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ; 240
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

Scene III.

London. The palace.

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience : but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves 10
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us : when we need 20
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Wor.

You were about to speak.

[To North.

North.

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, 30

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;

He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40
Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the
mark !—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord, 70
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war : to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour 100
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breathed and three times did they
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him ;
He never did encounter with Glendower :

I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me 121
 As will displease you. My lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.
 [*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them : I will after straight
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay and pause a while :
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ! 130
 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer

As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ; 140

And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him : was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon !—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ; 150
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.

But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 160
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night

To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths :
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :

And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night ! or sink or swim :
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple : O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities :
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. 210
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not 231
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged with
rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear 240
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley-castle.

Hot. You say true :

250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin ;'
 O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me !
 Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again ;
 We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean
 For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons
 Which I shall send you written, be assured,
 Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[*To Northumberland.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep
 Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
 The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard 270
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
 I speak not this in estimation,
 As what I think might be, but what I know
 Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
 And only stays but to behold the face
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game is a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot :

And then the power of Scotland and of York, 280

To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor.

And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head ;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home :

And see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290

Hot. He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell : no further go in this

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;

Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,

As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short 301
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport !
[*Exeunt.*]

Act Second.

Scene I.

Rochester. An inn yard.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho ! an it be not four by the day,
I'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over the new
chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What,
ostler !

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a
few flocks in the point ; poor jade, is wrung in
the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog,
and that is the next way to give poor jades 10
the bots : this house is turned upside down
since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas : I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench ! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. 20

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler ! come away and be hanged ! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body ! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler ! A plague on thee ! hast thou never an eye in thy head ? canst not hear ? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged ! hast no faith in thee ? 30

Enter Gadshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock ?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick 40
worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with 50 company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds

current that I told you yesternight : there 's a
franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three 60
hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him
tell it to one of his company last night at supper ;
a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of
charge too, God knows what. They are up
already, and call for eggs and butter : they
will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas'
clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I 'll none of it : I pray thee, keep that
for the hangman ; for I know thou worshippest 70
Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood
may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if
I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for if
I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou
knowest he is no starveling. Tut ! there are
other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the
which for sport sake are content to do the
profession some grace ; that would, if matters
should be looked into, for their own credit sake, 80
make all whole. I am joined with no foot
land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers,
none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-

worms ; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-
masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in,
such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak
sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray :
and yet, 'zounds, I lie ; for they pray continually
to their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather, not
pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up 90
and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots ? will
she hold out water in foul way ?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquored her.
We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have
the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more be-
holding to the night than to fern-seed for your
walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a share 100
in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false
thief.

Gads. Go to ; 'homo' is a common name to all
men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of
the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

The highway, near Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ! what a brawling dost thou keep !

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company :
the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied
him I know not where. If I travel but four
foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break
my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair
death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing
that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly
any time this two and twenty years, and yet I
am bewitched with the rogue's company. If
the rascal have not given me medicines to make

10

me love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; 20
 I have drunk medicines. Pains ! Hal ! a plague
 upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve
 ere I'll rob a foot further. An'twere not as good
 a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave
 these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever
 chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven
 ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with
 me ; and the stony-hearted villains know it well
 enough : a plague upon it when thieves cannot
 be true one to another ! [*They whistle*] Whew ! 30
 A plague upon you all ! Give me my horse,
 you rogues ; give me my horse, and be hanged !

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts ! lie down ; lay thine
 ear close to the ground and list if thou canst
 hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being
 down ? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh
 so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's
 exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me
 thus ? 40

Prince. Thou liest ; thou art not colted, thou art
 uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my
 horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. 50

Enter Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all. 60

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grand- 70
father ; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the
hedge : when thou needest him, there thou
shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be
hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say 80
I : every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour : the boy shall lead
our horses down the hill ; we'll walk afoot
awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand !

Travellers. Jesus bless us !

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains'
throats : ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-
fed knaves ! they hate us youth : down with
them ; fleece them. 90

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever !

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone ? No, ye fat chuffs ; I would your store were here ! On, bacons, on ! What, ye knaves ! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye ? we 'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins disguised.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for 100 a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close ; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring : there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money !

Poins. Villains!

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[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [Exeunt. 118]

Scene III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his

own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous;'—why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not

10
20
30

some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 50
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, 60
 That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are
 these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now. 71

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O esperance !
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady. What is it carries you away ?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape ! 80

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
 I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
 About his title, and hath sent for you
 To line his enterprize : but if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
 Directly unto this question that I ask :
 In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 90
 An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
 Away, you trifler ! Love ! I love thee not,
 I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world
 To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips :
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
 And pass them current too. God's me, my horse !

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?

Well, do not then; for since you love me not, 100

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise 110

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I well believe

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.* 120

Scene IV.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter the Prince, and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst
three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded
the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am
sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call
them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick,
and Francis. They take it already upon their
salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, 10
yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly
I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corin-
thian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord,
so they call me, and when I am king of England,
I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.
They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and
when you breathe in your watering, they cry
'hem!' and bid you play it off. To con-
clude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter
of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in 20.

his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than ‘Eight shillings and sixpence,’ and ‘You are welcome,’ with this shrill addition, ‘Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,’ or so. But, Ned, 30
to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling ‘Francis,’ that his tale to me may be nothing but ‘Anon.’ Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [Exit Poins. 40

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as
to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for 50
the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest
thou be so valiant as to play the coward with
thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels
and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books
in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall 60
be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar
thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was 't
not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound:
ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have
it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis !

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis ? No, Francis ; but to-morrow, Francis ; or Francis, o' Thursday ; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis !

Fran. My lord ?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

80

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean ?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink ; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully : in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir ?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis !

Prince. Away, you rogue ! dost thou not hear them call ? [*Here they both call him ; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-

90

a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark 100
ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*]

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer 110
words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a recokning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven

dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 120
'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto;
Francis following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. 130
A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there

is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward ! Go thy 140 ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of 150 thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter ?

Fal. Are not you a coward ? answer me to that : and Poins there ?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee. 160

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned ere

I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack : I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since 170
thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ! taken from us it is : a hundred upon poor four of us. 180

Prince. What, a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose ; my buckler cut through and through ; my sword

hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum ! I never
dealt better since I was a man : all would not
do. A plague of all cowards ! Let them
speak : if they speak more or less than truth, 190
they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs ; how was it ?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of
them ; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh
men set upon us— 200

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the
other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all ?

Fal. All ! I know not what you call all ; but if
I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch
of radish : if there were not two or three and
fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-
legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of
them. 210

Fal. Nay, that 's past praying for : I have peppered

two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four. 220

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. 230

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me 240
close, came in foot and hand; and with a
thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown
out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbe-
gotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back
and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal,
that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets
them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. 250
Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-
pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy
tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the
truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in
Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst
not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason:
what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason. 260

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were

at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried 270
neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish!
O for breath to utter what is like thee! you
tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you
vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again:
and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound
them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark 280
now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then
did we two set on you four; and, with a word,
out-faced you from your prize, and have it;
yea, and can show it you here in the house: and,
Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly,
with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy,

and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, 290
canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct 300
is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away. 310

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a 320 royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are 330 lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass 340
to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it? 350

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.
How now, my sweet creature of bombast!

How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest 360
thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years,
Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I
could have crept into any alderman's thumb-
ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows
a man up like a bladder. There's villanous
news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from
your father; you must to the court in the morn-
ing. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy,
and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastin- 370
ado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the
devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a
Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law
Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that
sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'
horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his
pistol kills a sparrow flying. 380

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he
will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there 390 too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like 400 we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow 410
when thou comest to thy father: if thou love
me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine
me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state,
this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my
crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy
golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy
precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 420

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of
thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a
cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it
may be thought I have wept; for I must speak
in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes'
vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside,
nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith! 430

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his counte-
nance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these
harlotry players as ever I see !

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot ; peace, good tickle-brain.
Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest
thy time, but also how thou art accompanied : 440
for though the camomile, the more it is trodden
on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is
wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my
son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my
own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine
eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here
lies the point ; why, being son to me, art thou
so pointed at ? Shall the blessed sun of heaven
prove a micher and eat blackberries ? a ques- 450
tion not to be asked. Shall the son of England
prove a thief and take purses ? a question to be
asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou
hast often heard of, and it is known to many in
our land by the name of pitch : this pitch, as
ancient writers do report, doth defile ; so doth the
company thou keepest : for, Harry, now I do not
speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure
but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also :

and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often 460
noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your
majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent;
of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most
noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some
fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to three score; and
now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if
that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth
me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If 470
then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the
fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it,
there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with,
the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty
varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou
stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so
majestically, both in word and matter, hang me
up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's 480
hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now. Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth 490
ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in 500 years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

510

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it ; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked ! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned : if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. 520
No, my good lord ; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins : but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company : banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [A knocking heard.]

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord ! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

530

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, 540 without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true 550 face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

560

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, 570
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.

Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*] What hast thou found? 580

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [*reads*] Item, A capon, . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and

sack after supper, . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, . ob. 590

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and

I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; 600 and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act Third.

Scene I.

Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

10

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season,
if your mother's cat had but kittened, though
yourself had never been born. 20

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend.

Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. 40
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Waies,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner. 50

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;

But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, 59
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en? 71

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn; 80
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth

To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords: 91
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;

Gelding the opposed continent as much 110

As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,

And on this north side win this cape of land ;

And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then ; speak it in

Welsh. 120

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;

For I was train'd up in the English court ;

Where, being but young, I framed to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well,

And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,

A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart :

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ; 130

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :

'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend ;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

140

Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair ; you may away by night :

I'll haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your departure hence :

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy ! how you cross my father !

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

150

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys : I cried ‘hum,’ and ‘well,
go to,’

But mark’d him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife ; 160
Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments ; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?
He holds your temper in a high respect, 170
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come ’cross his humour ; faith, he does :
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof :
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame ;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault : 180
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain :
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd : good manners be your speed !
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave. 191

Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me ;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps : she will not part with you ;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.]*

Glend. She is desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd
harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good
upon. *[The lady speaks in Welsh. 200]*

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this !

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night 220
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing :
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down :
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in 230
thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. *[The music plays.]*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.

By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical,
for you are altogether governed by humours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in
Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in 240
Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What 's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too. 250

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear
like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in
good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as
God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, 260
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-
breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,
I'll away within these two hours; and so,
come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, 270
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

*London. The palace.**Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference : but be near at
hand,

For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven 10
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charged withal :
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee ! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood :
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,

And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at,
That men would tell their children 'This is he ;'
Others would say ' Where, which is Bolingbroke ?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And wan by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down, 60
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,

Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ; 80
But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou ;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation : not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King.

For all the world

As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession ;
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas ! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital 110
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ :
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up. 120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

Base inclination and the start of spleen,

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me! 131

I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your son;

When I will wear a garment all of blood,

And stain my favours in a bloody mask,

Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,

That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140

And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.

For every honour sitting on his helm,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;

And I will call him to so strict account,

That he shall render every glory up, 150

Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,

Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here :

The which if He be pleased I shall perform,

I do beseech your majesty may salve

The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :

If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;

And I will die a hundred thousand deaths

Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this : 160

Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word

That Douglas and the English rebels met

The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day; 170
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. 180

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fat. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like

an old lady's loose gown ; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse : the inside of a church ! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me. 10

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it : come sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough ; swore little ; diced not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour ; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times ; lived well, and in good compass : and now I live out of all order, out of all compass. 20

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life : thou art our admiral, thou bearest the

lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee ;
thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn ; I make as good use of it
as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a
memento mori : I never see thy face but I think
upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ;
for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If
thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear
by thy face ; my oath should be, ' By this fire,
that's God's angel : ' but thou art altogether given 40
over ; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy
face, the son of utter darkness. When thou
rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my
horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an
ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no pur-
chase in money. O, thou art a perpetual tri-
umph, an everlasting bonfire-light ! Thou hast
saved me a thousand marks in links and torches,
walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern
and tavern : but the sack that thou hast drunk 50
me would have bought me lights as good cheap
at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have
maintained that salamander of yours with fire

any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you 60
inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go. 70

Host. Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel

to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made 80 bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin 90 his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him 100 like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince and Peto, marching, and Falstaff meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

110

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood
in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed
prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a
drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian
may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. 130
Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God
on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou
shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife:
and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a
knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast
to say otherwise. 140

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows
not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or
any man knows where to have me, thou knave,
thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders
thee most grossly. 95

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ! a million : thy love is worth a million : thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ? 160

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper : darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? 170
nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine ; it is all filled up with guts and midriff.

Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy 180 to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket? 190

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again. 200

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them. 210

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, 220 to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;

And either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.

Fal. Rare words ! brave world ! Hostess, my breakfast, come !

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum ! 230

[Exit.

Act Fourth.

Scene I.

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot : if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter ; I do defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour : 10
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot.

Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou here?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20*Wor.* I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30

He writes me here, that inward sickness—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us ;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd 40
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :
And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it : were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion :
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here. 60

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head 80
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think : there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm : what more ?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd, go
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms ;
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

100

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110

Hot. No more, no more : worse than the sun in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
 O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be: 130

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear

Of death or death's hand for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me
a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march
through; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; an if it
make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the
coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at
town's end.

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [Exit.

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns ; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum ; such as 20
fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores ; and such as indeed were 30
never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient : and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have

bought out their services, that you would think
that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals
lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff
and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and
told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed 40
the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-
crows. I'll not march through Coventry with
them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march
wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;
for indeed I had the most of them out of prison.
There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;
and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together
and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's
coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the
truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or 50
the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's
all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westmoreland.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now,
quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a
devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good
Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I

thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I 60
were there, and you too; but my powers are
there already. The king, I can tell you, looks
for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat
to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft
hath already made thee butter. But tell me,
Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals. 70

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder,
food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well
as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding
poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where
they had that; and for their bareness, I am
sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three
fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make 80
haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a
feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

Scene III

The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wcr. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:

You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life,

If well-respected honour bid me on, 10
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives :
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up : 20
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low :
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.]

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty. 40

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty. If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest,

And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father and my uncle and myself

Did give him that same royalty he wears;

And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee ;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for :
Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king ; 90
Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state ;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board ;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ; 100
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find

Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter : we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,

And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110

Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

York. The Archbishop's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael ; bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal ;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day

Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch ; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry : and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear ;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is : but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together :
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt ; 30
And many mo corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act Fifth.

Scene I.

The King's camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord John of
Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.*

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

How now, my Lord of Worcester ! 'tis not well
 That you and I should meet upon such terms 10
 As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it ? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-aborred war ?
 And move in that obedient orb again
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,
 A prodigy of fear, and a portent 20
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours ; for, I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it ! how comes it, then ?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace !

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks 30
Of favour from myself and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare 40
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did sware that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars

That all in England did repute him dead :
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60
Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head ;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth 70
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation :

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause ; 80
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young, 90
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry ;
And so I hear he doth account me too ;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. 100

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,

We love our people well ; even those we love
 That are misled upon your cousin's part ;
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his :
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do : but if he will not yield, 110
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply :
 We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life :

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge ;
 For, on their answer, will we set on them :
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just ! 120

[Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
 bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all
 well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [Exit.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no 130 matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on ? how then ? Can honour set to a leg ? no : or an arm ? no : or take away the grief of a wound ? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then ? no. What is honour ? a word. What is in that word honour ? what is that honour ? air. A trim reckoning ! Who hath it ? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? no. Doth he hear it ? no. 'Tis insensible, then ? yea, to 140 the dead. But will it not live with the living ? no. Why ? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon : and so ends my catechism. [Exit,

Scene II

The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us ;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults :
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes ;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up, 10
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot ;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood ;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head 20
And on his father's ; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will ; I 'll say 'tis so.

Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news ?

30

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge 40
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it ;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, 50
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you; 60
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 70
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.

But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed : and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on apace. 90

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace ;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall 100
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]

Scene III.

Plain between the camps.

*The King enters with his power. Alarum to the battle.
Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness ; for instead of thee, King Harry,

This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All 's done, all 's won ; here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where ?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas ? no : I know this face full well :
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ; 20
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes !
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear :
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away !
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London 30
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but
upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir Walter
Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no
vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need
no more weight than mine own bowels. I have
led my ragamuffins where they are peppered:
there's not three of my hundred and fifty left
alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg
during life. But who comes here? 40

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy
sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend
me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe a
while. Turk Gregory never did such deeds
in arms as I have done this day. I have paid
Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou get'st not my sword ; but take my pistol,
if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me : what, is it in the case ?

Fal. Ay, Hal ; 'tis hot, 'tis hot ; there's that will
sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now ?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If
he do come in my way, so : if he do not, if I
come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado 60
of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir
Walter hath : give me life : which if I can
save, so ; if not, honour comes unlooked for,
and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord
John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.*

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them : what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

K. Hen. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight ; the King being in danger,
re-enter Prince of Wales.*]

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits 40
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[*They fight : Douglas flies.*]

Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile :

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son

King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
[*Exit.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine ! 70

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal ! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter Douglas ; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas.

Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my
flesh : 80

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue : no, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

[*Dies.*]

Prince. For worms, brave Percy : fare thee well, great heart !

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ; 90
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough : this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal :
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
'Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, 100
But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*]

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spared a better man :
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity !
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.* 110

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowell'd ! if thou embowel

me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life 120 indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stab-* 130 *bing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft ! whom have we here ?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead ?

Prince. I did ; I saw him dead,

Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou
alive ?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight ?

I prithee, speak ; we will not trust our eyes

Without our ears : thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double man : 141

but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a

Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body*

down] : if your father will do me any honour,

so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.

I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou ? Lord, Lord, how this world is

given to lying ! I grant you I was down and

out of breath ; and so was he : but we rose both 150

at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrews-

bury clock. If I may be believed, so ; if not,

let them that should reward valour bear the sin

upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my

death, I gave him this wound in the thigh : if the

man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I

would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back : 160

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit.*]

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.

Ill-spirited Worcester ! did not we send grace,

Pardon and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence. 10

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

[Excunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]

How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds 30
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, 41
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*



Glossary.

- ADMIRAL, admiral's ship with a lantern in the stern; III. iii. 28.
- ADVANTAGE, leisure, II. iv. 594; interest, II. iv. 600; favourable opportunity, III. ii. 180.
- ADVERTISEMENT, information, news, III. ii. 172; counsel, IV. i. 36.
- ADVISED, guided by advice; IV. iii. 5.
- AFFECTIONS, inclinations; III. ii. 30.
- AGAINST; "against his name," contrary to the dignity of his royal name; III. ii. 65.
- ALLHALLOWN SUMMER, *i.e.* summer weather at the beginning of winter; "spring at Michaelmas" ("Allhallowmas" is on the first of November) in ridicule of Falstaff's youthful frivolity at his advanced age; I. ii. 178.
- AMAMON, the name of a demon; II. iv. 370.
- AMAZE, throw into disorder; V. iv. 6.
- ANCIENTS, ensigns, IV. ii. 26; "*ancient*" standard; IV. ii. 34.
- ANGEL, a coin with the figure of the archangel Michael piercing the dragon with his spear; its value varied from six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings; IV. ii. 6.
- ANON, ANON! coming! II. i. 5.
- ANSWER, repay; I. iii. 185.
- ANY WAY, either way, on either side; I. i. 61.
- APACE, quickly, at a quick pace; V. ii. 90.
- APPLE-JOHN, a variety of apple that shrivels with keeping; III. iii. 5.
- APPOINTMENT, equipment; I. ii. 197.
- APPREHENDS, imagines, conceives; I. iii. 209.
- APPROVE ME, prove me, try me; IV. i. 9.
- ARBITREMENT, judicial inquiry; IV. i. 70.
- ARGUMENT, subject for conversation; II. ii. 100.
- ARRAS, hangings of tapestry; II. iv. 549.
- ARTICULATE = articulated, specified, enumerated (*Ff. "articulated"*); V. i. 72.
- ASPECTS, an astrological term; influence of a planet for good or ill; I. i. 97.
- ASSAY THEE, try thee, cross swords with thee; V. iv. 34.
- "AT HAND, QUOTH PICK-PURSE," a proverbial expression; II. i. 53.
- ATHWART, adversely, as though to thwart one's purpose; I. i. 36.
- ATTEMPTS, pursuits; III. ii. 13.
- ATTENDED, waited for; IV. iii. 70.
- ATTRIBUTION, praise; IV. i. 3.
- AUDITOR, an officer of the Exchequer; II. i. 63.
- AWAY; "a. all night" (so the Qq.)? = march all night; (Folios "a. all to-night"); IV. ii. 63.
- "AY, WHEN? CANST TELL?" proverbial phrase expressing scorn; II. i. 43.
- BACK; "turned back," *i.e.* turned their back, fled; I. ii. 206.
- BACK, mount; II. iii. 74.
- BAFFLE, "originally a punishment of infamy, inflicted on recreant knights,

- one part of which was hanging them up by the heels" (Nares); I. ii. 113.
- BAGPIPE; "the Lincolnshire b." a favourite instrument in Lincolnshire; a proverbial expression; I. ii. 86.
- BAITED, *v.* Note; IV. i. 99.
- BALK'D, heaped, piled up ("balk" = "ridge," common in Warwickshire); I. i. 69.
- BALLAD-MONGERS, contemptuous name for "ballad-makers"; III. i. 130.
- BANDS, bonds; III. ii. 157.
- BANISH'D, lost, exiled (Collier MS. "*tarnish'd*"); I. iii. 181.
- BASE, wicked, treacherous (Qq. "bare"); I. iii. 108.
- BASILISKS, a kind of large cannon; originally a fabulous animal whose look was supposed to be fatal; II. iii. 56.
- BASTARD, sweet Spanish wine; II. iv. 30.
- BATE, fall off, grow thinner; III. iii. 2.
- BATTLE, armed force, army; IV. i. 129.
- BAVIN, brushwood, soon burning out; III. ii. 61.
- BEARS HARD, feels deeply; I. iii. 270.
- BEAVER, helmet; IV. i. 104.
- BECOME, adorn, do credit to; II. iv. 545.
- BEGUILING, cheating, robbing; III. i. 189.
- BELDAM, aged grandmother; III. i. 32.
- BESIDE, beyond; III. i. 179.
- BESTRIDE ME, defend me by standing over my body; V. i. 122.
- BIDE, abide, endure; IV. iv. 10.
- BLUE-CAPS, "a name of ridicule given to the Scots from their blue bonnets"; II. iv. 391.
- BOLTERS, sieves for meal; III. iii. 81.
- BOLTING-HUTCH, a bin into which meal is boited; II. iv. 495.
- BOMBARD, a large leathern vessel for holding liquors; II. iv. 497.
- BOMBAST; originally cotton used as stuffing for clothes; II. iv. 359.
- BONFIRE-LIGHT, fire kindled in the open air (originally, a bone-fire: Q. 1, "*bonefire light*"; Q. 2, "*bone-fire light*"; Qq. 3, 4, "*bone-fire light*"; the rest "*Bone-fire-light*"; III. iii. 47).
- BOOK, indentures; III. i. 224.
- BOOTLESS, without profit or advantage; III. i. 67.
- BOOTS, booty; with play upon the literal sense of "boots"; II. i. 91.
- BOSOM, secret thoughts, confidence; I. iii. 266.
- BOTS, small worms; II. i. 11.
- BOTTOM, low-lying land, valley; III. i. 105.
- BRACH, a female hound; III. i. 240.
- BRAVE, fine; I. ii. 73.
- BRAWN, mass of flesh; II. iv. 123.
- BREAK WITH, broach the subject to; III. i. 144.
- BREATHE, take breath (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*break*"; II. iv. 17).
- BREATHED, paused to take breath; I. iii. 102.
- "BREWER'S HORSE"; a disputed point probably equivalent to *malt-horse*, a term of contempt for a dull heavy beast; III. iii. 10.
- BRIEF, letter, short writing; IV. iv. 1.
- "BRING IN," the call for more wine; I. ii. 41.
- BRISK, smart; I. iii. 54.
- BRUISING; "b. arms," probably arms cramping and bruising the wearers; III. ii. 105.
- BUCKRAM, coarse linen stiffened with glue; I. ii. 201.
- BUFFETS; "go to b." = come to blows; II. iii. 35.
- BUFF JERKIN, a jacket of buff-leather, worn by sheriffs' officers; I. ii. 48.

- BURNING, alight with war III. iii. 227.
- BUSKY, bosky (Q. 1, "*bs lky*"); V. i. 2.
- BY-DRINKINGS, drinks at odd times, between meals; III. iii. 84.
- "BY GOD, SOFT"; an exclamation (Ff., "*soft, I pray ye*"); II. i. 40.
- CADDIS-GARTER, garter made of worsted ribbon; II. iv. 79.
- CALIVER, corruption of *caliber*, a light kind of musket; IV. ii. 21.
- CANDY, sugared, sweet; I. iii. 251.
- CANKER, dog-rose, wild rose; I. iii. 176.
- CANKER'D, venomous, malignant; I. iii. 137.
- CANKERS, canker-worms; IV. ii. 32.
- CANSTICK, old spelling and pronunciation of *candlestick* (Ff., "*candlestick*"); III. i. 131.
- CANTLE, piece (Qq., "*scantle*"); III. i. 100.
- "CAP AND KNEE," doffing of cap and bending of knee; IV. iii. 68.
- CAPERING, leaping, skipping (Q. 1, "*capring*"; the rest "*carping*"); III. ii. 63.
- CAPITAL, principal; III. ii. 110.
- CAPITULATE, form a league; III. ii. 120.
- CARBONADO, meat cut across to be broiled; V. iii. 60.
- CARDED, *v.* Note; III. ii. 62.
- CART, vehicle in which a criminal was borne to execution; II. iv. 546.
- CASE YE, mask your faces; II. ii. 55.
- CATERPILLARS, men who feed upon the wealth of the country; II. ii. 88.
- CATES, delicacies; III. i. 163.
- CAVIL, quarrel, find fault; III. i. 140.
- CESS, measure; II. i. 8.
- CHANGING, exchanging; I. iii. 101.
- CHARGE, cost, expense, I. i. 35, III. i. 112; baggage, II. i. 51; command, II. iv. 397.
- CHARLES' WAIN, the Great Bear; II. i. 2.
- CHAT, chatter; I. iii. 65.
- CHEAP; "as good c.," as good a bargain; III. iii. 51.
- CHEWET, chough, probably jackdaw; (used generally in sense of mincepie); V. i. 29.
- CHOPS, mass of flesh resembling meat; a term of contempt; I. ii. 151.
- CHRISTEN, Christian (Qq. 5, 6, 7, 8, "Christian"; omitted in Ff.); II. iv. 8.
- CHUFFS, churlish misers, II. ii. 94.
- CITAL, mention, citation; V. ii. 62.
- CLAP TO, shut; II. iv. 305.
- CLIPP'D IN, enclosed, encircled; III. i. 44.
- CLOSE, grapple, hand to hand fight; I. i. 13.
- CLOUDY MEN, men with cloudy looks; III. ii. 83.
- COCK, cockcrow; II. i. 20.
- COLOUR, give a specious appearance to; I. iii. 109.
- COLT, befool; II. ii. 39.
- COME NEAR ME, hit me; I. ii. 14.
- COMFIT-MAKER, confectioner; III. i. 253.
- COMMODITY, supply; I. ii. 93.
- COMMON-HACKNEY'D, vulgarised; III. ii. 40.
- COMMONWEALTH, used quibblingly; II. i. 89.
- COMMUNITY, commonness, frequency; III. ii. 77.
- COMPARATIVE, "a dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit"; III. ii. 67.
- COMPARATIVE, full of comparisons; I. ii. 90.
- COMPASS, "in good c.," within reasonable limits; III. iii. 22.
- CONCEALMENTS, secrets of nature; III. i. 167.

- CONDITION**, natural disposition; I. iii. 6.
CONDUCT, escort; III. i. 92.
CONFOUND, spend, wear away; I. iii. 100.
CONJUNCTION, assembled force; IV. i. 37.
CONTAGIOUS, baneful; I. ii. 221.
CONTRACTED, engaged to be married; IV. ii. 17.
CORINTHIAN, spirited fellow; II. iv. 12.
CORPSE, corpses (Q. 1 and Ff. 1, 2, "corpes"); I. i. 43.
CORRECTION, punishment; V. i. 111.
CORRIVAL, rival, competitor; I. iii. 207.
COUCHING, couchant, lying down, (the heraldic term); III. i. 153.
COUNTENANCE, patronage, with play upon literal sense of word, I. ii. 33; sanction, III. ii. 65; bearing, V. i. 69.
COUSIN, kinsman; I. iii. 292.
COZENERS, deceivers (used quibblingly); I. iii. 255.
CRANKING, winding, bending; III. i. 98.
CRESSETS, open lamps or burners, set up as beacons, or carried on poles; III. i. 15.
CRISP, curled, rippled; I. iii. 106.
CROSSINGS, contradictions; III. i. 36.
CROWN, enthrone; III. i. 217.
CRYSTAL BUTTON, generally worn upon the jerkin of vintners; II. iv. 78.
CUCKOO'S BIRD, the young of the cuckoo; V. i. 60.
CUISSES, armour for the thighs (Qq. and Ff., "*cushes*"); IV. i. 105.
CULVERIN, a kind of cannon; II. iii. 56.
CURBS, restrains, holds in check; III. i. 171.
CUT, the name of a horse; II. i. 6.
DAFF'D, put aside, doffed (Qq. and Ff. "*daft*"); IV. i. 96.
DAMM'D, stopped up, enclosed (Qq. 1, 2, 6 and Ff., "*damnd*"); III. i. 101.
DANGEROUS, indicating danger; V. i. 69.
DANK, damp; II. i. 9.
DARE, daring; IV. i. 78.
DAVENTRY, a town in Northamptonshire; commonly pronounced "Dahntry" (Qq. 1-5, "*Dauintry*"; Qq. 6, 7, 8, "*Daintry*," etc.); IV. ii. 51.
DEAR, eagerly desired, urgent, I. i. 33; worthy, valued, IV. iv. 31.
DEAREST, best; III. i. 182.
DEFEND, forbid; IV. iii. 38.
DEFY, renounce, abjure, I. iii. 228; despise, IV. i. 6.
DELIVER, report; V. ii. 26.
DELIVER'D, related, reported; I. iii. 26.
DENIER, the smallest coin, the tenth part of a penny; III. iii. 91.
DENY, refuse; I. iii. 29.
DEPUTATION, "in d.," as deputies; IV. iii. 87.
DEPUTY OF THE WARD, local police officer; III. iii. 130.
DEVIL RIDES UPON A FIDDLE-STICK, a proverbial expression, probably derived from the puritanic denunciation of music, and meaning, "here's much ado about nothing"; II. iv. 534.
DEVISED, untrue, forged; III. ii. 23.
DISCARDED, dismissed; IV. ii. 30.
DISCONTENTS, malcontents; V. i. 76.
DISDAIN'D, disdainful; I. iii. 183.
DISLIKE, discord, dissension; V. i. 26.
DISPUTATION, conversation; III. i. 206.
DISTEMPERATURE, disorder; III. i. 34.
DIVIDE MYSELF, cut myself in half; II. iii. 35.
DIVISION, modulation; III. i. 211.

OFF, put off; V. i. 12.
 OUBT, suspect, fear; I. ii. 203.
 OWLAS, a kind of coarse linen; III. iii. 79.
 RAFF, refuse of food, given to swine; IV. ii. 38.
 RAWN, gathered together, collected; IV. i. 33.
 RAWN FOX, "a fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks"; III. iii. 129.
 RAWS, draws back; IV. i. 73.
 READ, awful, terrible; V. i. 111.
 RENCH, mixture of bran and water; II. iv. 120.
 RONE, "the largest tube of the bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound resembling that of the drone bee"; I. ii. 85.
 ROWZED, looked sleepily; III. ii. 81.
 RUM, an allusion probably to the unlisting of soldiers by the beating of the drum; hence, perhaps, rallying point; III. iii. 230.
 URANCE, a strong material of which prisoners' clothes were made; called also "everlasting"; used quibblingly; I. ii. 49.
 UTIES, (?) dues, (?) homage; V. ii. 56.
 ASTCHEAP, a "cheap" or market, in the east of London, noted for its eating houses and taverns; I. ii. 144.
 CCCE SIGNUM, here the proof; II. iv. 187.
 MBOSSED, swollen; III. iii. 178.
 MBOWELL'D, *i.e.* for embalming; V. i. 109.
 NFEOFF'D HIMSELF, gave himself up entirely (Qq. 6, 7, 8, "*enforc't*"); III. ii. 69.
 NGAGED, detained as hostage (Pope, "*encaged*"); IV. iii. 95.
 NGROSS UP, amass (*up*, intensive)

(Qq. 1, 2, and Fl., "*up*"; the rest, "*my*"); III. ii. 148.
 ENLARGED, set free; III. ii. 115.
 ENLARGEMENT, escape; III. i. 31.
 ENTERTAIN, pass peaceably; V. i. 24.
 ENVY, malice, enmity; V. ii. 67.
 EQUITV, justice, fairness; II. ii. 106.
 ESPERANCE, the motto of the Percy family, and their battle-cry; II. iii. 74.
 ESTIMATION, conjecture; I. iii. 272.
 ESTRIDGES, ostriches; IV. i. 98.
 EVEN, modestly, prudently; I. iii. 285.
 EXHALATIONS, meteors; II. iv. 352.
 EXPECTATION, promise; II. iii. 20.
 EXPEDIENCE, expedition; I. i. 33.
 EYE OF DEATH, look of deadly terror; I. iii. 143.
 FACE, trim, set off; V. i. 74.
 FACTOR, agent; III. ii. 147.
 FALL OFF, prove faithless; I. iii. 94.
 FATHER, father-in-law; III. i. 87.
 FATHOM-LINE, lead line; I. iii. 204.
 FAT ROOM, probably "vat-room"; II. iv. 1.
 FAT-WITTED, heavy witted, dull; I. ii. 2.
 FAVOURS, a scarf or glove given by a lady to her knight, V. iv. 96; features (Hammer "*favour*" = face); perhaps "decorations usually worn by knights in their helmets," III. ii. 136.
 FEAR'D, feared for; IV. i. 24.
 FEARFULLY, in fear; I. iii. 105.
 FEARS, the objects of our fears; I. iii. 87.
 FEEDS; "f. him," *i.e.* feeds himself; III. ii. 180.
 FEELING, carried on by touch, with play upon the word (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*feeble*"); III. i. 206.
 FELLOW, neighbour, companion; II. ii. 114.

FERN-SEED; "the receipt of f." *i.e.* the receipt for gathering fern-seed; according to popular superstition these seeds were invisible, and anyone who could gather them was himself rendered invisible; II. i. 96.

FIGURES, shapes created by the imagination; I. iii. 209.

FINSBURY, the common resort of citizens, just outside the walls; III. i. 257.

FLEECE, plunder them; II. ii. 90.

FLESH'D, stained with blood; V. iv. 133.

FLOCKS, tufts of wool; II. i. 7.

FOBBED, cheated, tricked (Qq. 7, 8, "*snub'd*"); I. ii. 68.

FOIL, tinsel on which a jewel is set to enhance its brilliancy (Qq. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Ff. "*soile*"); I. ii. 238.

FOOT, foot-soldiers, infantry; II. iv. 597.

FOOT LAND-RAKERS, foot-pads (Qq. "*footland rakers*"; Ff. "*Footland-Rakers*"); II. i. 81.

FORCED, compelled by whip and spur; III. i. 135.

FOUL, bad (F. 2, "*soure*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*souvre*"); V. i. 8.

FOUND; "f. me," found me out, discovered my weakness; I. iii. 3.

FOUR BY THE DAY, four o'clock in the morning; II. i. 1.

FRAMED, planned, composed; III. i. 123.

FRANKLIN, freeholder or yeoman; II. i. 60.

FRETS, used equivocally for (i.) chafes, and (ii.) wears out; II. ii. 2.

FROM, away from; III. ii. 31.

FRONT, confront; II. ii. 62.

FRONTIER, forehead, brow; I. iii. 19.

FRONTIERS, outworks; II. iii. 55.

FULL OF REST, thoroughly rested; IV. iii. 27.

FURNITURE, furnishing, equipment; III. iii. 226.

GADSHILL; a hill two miles north-west of Rochester on the Canterbury Road; a well-known resort of highwaymen; I. ii. 139.

GAGE, engage, pledge; I. iii. 173.

GAIT, walk, pace; III. i. 135.

GALL, annoy; I. iii. 229.

GARTERS, an allusion to the Order of the Garter; "He may hang himself in his own garters," was an old proverbial saying; II. ii. 47.

GELDING, horse; II. i. 39.

GELDING, taking away from; III. i. 110.

GIB CAT, old tom cat; I. ii. 83.

GILLIAMS, another form of Williams; II. iii. 68.

GIVEN, inclined, disposed; III. iii. 16.

"**GOD SAVE THE MARK!**" a deprecatory exclamation; I. iii. 56.

GOODMAN, grandfather; II. iv. 106.

GOOD MORROW, good morning; II. iv. 573.

"**GOOD NIGHT**," an exclamation expressing desperate resignation (*cp.* the use of *buona notte* among the Italians to this day); I. iii. 194.

GORBELLIED, big-bellied; II. ii. 93.

GOVERNMENT; "good g.," self-control, used quibblingly, I. ii. 31; command IV. i. 19.

GRACE, service, honour; III. i. 182.

GRACE; "the Archbishop's grace, of York," *i.e.* his Grace the Archbishop of York; III. ii. 119.

GRANDAM, grandmother; III. i. 34.

GRAPPLE, wrestle, struggle; I. iii. 197.

GRIEF, physical pain; I. iii. 51; V. i. 134.

GRIEFS, grievances; IV. iii. 42.

GULL, unfledged bird; V. i. 60.

GUMMED; "g. velvet," *i.e.* stiffened with gum; II. ii. 2.
GYVES, fetters; IV. ii. 44.

HABITS, garments; I. ii. 196.
HAIR, peculiar quality, nature, character; IV. i. 61.

HALF-FAC'D, half-hearted; I. iii. 208.
HALF-MOON, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 30.

HALF-SWORD, close fight; II. iv. 182.
"HAPPY MAN BE HIS DOLE", happiness be his portion; a proverbial expression; II. ii. 80.

HARDIMENT, bravery, bold encounter; I. iii. 101.

HARE, "flesh of hare was supposed to generate melancholy"; I. ii. 87.

HARLOTRY, vixen; III. i. 199.

HARLOTRY PLAYERS vagabond (or strolling) players; II. iv. 437.

HARNESS, armour, armed men; III. ii. 101.

HEAD, armed force (used quibblingly); I. iii. 284.

HEAD; "made head," raised an armed force; III. i. 64.

HEAD OF SAFETY, protection in an armed force; IV. iii. 103.

HEARKEN'D FOR, longed for; V. iv. 52.

HEAVENLY-HARNESS'D TEAM, the car and horses of Phœbus, the sun-god; III. i. 221.

HEM, an exclamation of encouragement; II. iv. 18.

HERALD'S COAT, tabard, or sleeveless coat, still worn by heralds; IV. ii. 48.

HEST, behest, command; II. iii. 65.

HIND, boor; II. iii. 17.

HITHERTO, to this spot; III. i. 74.

HOLD IN, restrain themselves; II. i. 85.

HOLD ME PACE, keep pace with me; III. i. 49.

HOLY-ROOD DAY, fourteenth of September; I. i. 52.

HOME, "to pay home," *i.e.* thoroughly, fully; I. iii. 288.

HOMO; "'homo' is a common name to all men," a quotation from the Latin grammars of the time; II. i. 104.

HOPES, anticipations; I. ii. 234.

HORSE, horses; II. i. 3.

HOT IN QUESTION, earnestly discussed; I. i. 34.

HUE AND CRY, a clamour in pursuit of a thief; II. iv. 556.

HUMOROUS, capricious; III. i. 234.

HUMOURS, caprices; II. iv. 104; II. iv. 495.

HURLYBURLY, tumultuous; V. i. 78.

HYBLA; "honey of H." (so Qq., but Ff. "honey," omitting "of H."); three towns of Sicily bore this name, and one of them was famed for its honey; I. ii. 47.

HYDRA, the many-headed serpent killed by Hercules; V. iv. 25.

"IGNIS FATUUS," Will o' the wisp; III. iii. 45.

IGNOMINY, dishonour (Qq. 1, 2, 3, 8, Ff. 3, 4, "ignominy," the rest "ignomy"); V. iv. 100.

IMMASK, mask, conceal; I. ii. 201.

IMPAWN'D, pledged, left as hostage; IV. iii. 108.

IMPEACH, accuse, reproach; I. iii. 75.

IMPRESSED, pressed, compelled to fight; I. i. 21.

INDENT, indentation; III. i. 104.

INDENT, bargain, compound with, make an indenture; I. iii. 87.

INDENTURES TRIPARTITE, triple agreement, *i.e.* "drawn up in three corresponding copies"; III. i. 80.

INDIRECT, wrong, out of the direct course, wrongful; IV. iii. 105.

INDUCTION, beginning; III. i. 2.

INJURIES, wrongs; V. i. 50.

- INTELLIGENCE, intelligencers, informers; IV. iii. 98.
- INTEMPERANCE, excesses, want of moderation (Ff., "*intemperature*"); III. ii. 156.
- INTENDED, intending to march (Collier MS., "*intendeth*"); IV. i. 92.
- INTERCHANGEABLY, mutually (each person signing all the documents); III. i. 81.
- INTEREST TO, claim to; III. ii. 98.
- IRREGULAR, lawless; I. i. 40.
- ITEM, "a separate article, or particular, used in enumeration," originally meant "likewise, also"; II. iv. 585.
- ITERATION, "damnable iteration," "a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts" (Johnson); I. ii. 101.
- JACK, frequently used as a term of contempt; II. iv. 12.
- JOINED-STOOL, a sort of folding chair; II. iv. 418.
- JOURNEY-BATED, exhausted by their long march; IV. iii. 26.
- JUMPS, agrees; I. ii. 77.
- JUSTLING, busy; IV. i. 18.
- KENDAL GREEN, a woollen cloth made at Kendal, Westmoreland; II. iv. 246.
- KEPT, dwelt; I. iii. 244.
- KING CHRISTEN, Christian king (Ff., "*in Christendome*"); II. i. 19.
- KNOWS, becomes conscious of; IV. iii. 74.
- LACK-BRAIN, empty-headed fellow; II. iii. 17.
- LAG-END, latter end; V. i. 24.
- LAY BY, the words used by highwaymen to their victims; properly a nautical term, "slacken sail"; I. ii. 40.
- LEADEN, having a leaden sheath; II. iv. 419.
- LEADING, "great l.," well-known generalship; IV. iii. 17.
- LEAN, scanty; I. ii. 82.
- LEAPING-HOUSES, brothels; I. ii. 10.
- LEASH, three in a string; II. iv. 7.
- LEATHERN JERKIN, a garment generally worn by tapsters; II. iv. 77.
- LEAVE; "good leave," full permission, I. iii. 20; "give us leave," a courteous form of dismissal, III. ii. 1.
- LEG, obeisance; II. iv. 427.
- LEND ME THY HAND, help me; II. iv. 2.
- LET HIM, let him go; I. i. 91.
- LET'ST SLIP, let'st loose (the greyhound); I. iii. 278.
- LIBERTINE (Capell's emendation of Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, "*a libertie*"; Q. 5, &c., "*at libertie*"; Collier MS., "*of liberty*"); V. ii. 72.
- LIES, lodges; I. ii. 143.
- LIEVE, lief, willingly; IV. ii. 20.
- LIGHTED, alighted; I. i. 63.
- LIKING; "in some l.," in good condition; III. iii. 6.
- LINE, rank; III. ii. 85.
- LINE, strengthen; II. iii. 86.
- LINKS, torches carried in the streets before lamps were introduced; III. iii. 48.
- LIQUORED, made waterproof; II. i. 94.
- LIST, limit; IV. i. 51.
- LOGGERHEADS, blockheads; II. iv. 4.
- LONG-STAFF; "long-staff sixpenny strikers," fellows who infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence; II. i. 82.
- LOOK BIG, look threateningly; IV. i. 58.
- LUGGED BEAR, a bear led through the streets by a rope tied round its head; I. ii. 83.

- MAD, madcap, merry; IV. ii. 39.
- "MAID MARIAN," a character in the Morris Dances, originally Robin Hood's mistress, often personated by a man dressed as a woman; III. iii. 129.
- MAIN, a stake at gaming; IV. i. 47.
- MAINTENANCE, carriage; V. iv. 22.
- MAJOR, probably used for "major premiss," with a play upon "major" = "mayor"; II. iv. 544.
- MAJORITY, pre-eminence; III. ii. 109.
- MAKE AGAINST, oppose; V. i. 103.
- MAKEST TENDER OF, hast regard for; V. iv. 49.
- MAKE UP, go forward, advance; V. iv. 5.
- MALEVOLENT, hostile (an astrological term); I. i. 97.
- MALT-WORMS; "mustachio purple-hued malt-worms," *i.e.* ale-topers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red; II. i. 83.
- MAMMETS, puppets; II. iii. 95.
- MAMAGE, direction; II. iii. 52.
- MANNER; "taken with the m.," *i.e.* taken in the act; a law term (*captus cum manuopere*); II. iv. 346.
- MANNINGTREE, a place in Essex where the "Moralties" were acted; during the fair held there an ox was roasted whole; II. iv. 498.
- MARK, a coin worth thirteen shillings and fourpence; II. i. 61.
- MARKED, heeded, observed; II. ii. 96.
- MASTER'D, possessed, owned; V. ii. 64.
- MASTERS, 'my m.," a familiar title of courtesy used even to inferiors; II. iv. 550.
- MEAN, means; I. iii. 261.
- MEDICINES, alluding to the common belief in love-potions; II. ii. 19.
- "MELANCHOLY AS A CAT," an old proverbial expression; I. ii. 83.
- MEMENTO MORI, a ring upon the stone of which a skull and cross-bones were engraved, commonly worn as a reminder of man's mortality; III. iii. 35.
- MERCY, "I cry you mercy," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 212.
- MERLIN, the old magician of the Arthurian legends; III. i. 150.
- MICHER, truant, thief ("moocher, a truant; a blackberry moucher, a boy who plays truant to pick blackberries," Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words*); II. iv. 450.
- MILLINER; "perfumed like a milliner"; a man who dealt in fancy articles, especially articles of personal adornment, which he was in the habit of constantly perfuming; I. iii. 36.
- MINCING, affected; III. i. 134.
- MINION, darling, favourite; I. i. 83.
- MISPRISION, misapprehension; I. iii. 27.
- MISQUOTE, misinterpret; V. ii. 13.
- MISTREADINGS, sins, transgressions; III. ii. 11.
- MISUSE, ill-treatment; I. i. 43.
- MO, more; IV. iv. 31.
- MOIETY, share; III. i. 96.
- MOLDWARP, mole; III. i. 149.
- MOODY, discontented, angry; I. iii. 19.
- MOOR-DITCH, part of the stagnant ditch surrounding London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate; I. ii. 88.
- MORE; "the more and less," high and low; IV. iii. 68.
- MOULTEN, moulting; III. i. 152.
- MOUTHED, gaping; I. iii. 97.
- MUDDY, dirty, rascally; II. i. 106.
- MUTUAL, having common interests (Q. 8 "naturall"); I. i. 14.

- NATURAL SCOPE, natural tempera-
ment; III. i. 171.
- NEAT'S TONGUE, ox tongue; II. iv.
271.
- NECK, "in the n. of that," immediately
after; IV. iii. 92.
- NEGLECTINGLY, slightly, care-
lessly; I. iii. 52.
- NETHER STOCKS, stockings; II. iv.
130.
- NEWGATE FASHION, "as prisoners are
conveyed to Newgate, fastened two
and two together"; III. iii. 104.
- NEW REAP'D, trimmed in the newest
style; I. iii. 34.
- NEXT, nearest, surest; II. i. 10; III.
i. 264.
- NICE, precarious; IV. i. 48.
- NOTED, well known, familiar; I. ii.
201.
- NOTHING, not at all; III. i. 133.
- NOT-PATED, close cropped; II. iv.
78.
- OB, abbreviation of obolus (properly a
small Greek coin), halfpenny; II. iv.
590.
- OFFERING, challenging, assailing; IV.
i. 69.
- OLD FACED, old patched; IV. ii. 34.
- ONEYERS; "great o.," probably a
jocose term for "great ones" (*v.*
Note); II. i. 85.
- OPINION, self-conceit, III. i. 185;
public opinion, reputation, III. ii.
42.
- OPPOSED, standing opposite, confront-
ing, I. i. 9; opposite, III. i. 110.
- ORB, sphere; V. i. 17.
- ORDER TA'EN, arrangement made;
III. i. 71.
- O, THE FATHER, *i.e.* by God the
Father; II. iv. 432.
- OUGHT, owed; III. iii. 152.
- OUTDARE, out-brave, defy; V. i. 40.
- OUTFACED, frightened; II. iv. 283.
- PACIFIED, appeased; III. iii. 195.
- PAINTED CLOTH, tapestry worked or
painted with figures and scenes, with
which the walls of rooms were hung;
IV. ii. 28.
- PALISADOES, pallisades; II. iii. 55.
- PARAQUITO, little parrot, term of en-
dearment; II. iii. 88.
- PARCEL, item, II. iv. 113; small part,
III. ii. 159.
- PARLEY, conversation (of looks); III.
i. 204.
- PARMACETI, spermaceti, the sperm of
the whale; I. iii. 58.
- PART, "on his p.," on his behalf;
(*Ff.*, "*in his behalfe*"), I. iii. 133;
share, III. i. 75.
- PARTICIPATION, "vile p.," low com-
panions; III. ii. 87.
- PARTLET; "Dame P.," the name of
the hen in the old story of "Reynard
the Fox" (*cp.* Chaucer's *Nonnes
Preestes Tale*); III. iii. 60.
- PASSAGES; "thy p. of life," the actions
of thy life; III. ii. 8.
- PASSION, sorrow, II. iv. 425; suffering,
III. i. 35.
- PATIENCE, composure of mind; I. iii.
200.
- PAUL'S, St Paul's Cathedral; "a con-
stant place of resort for business and
amusement"; II. iv. 575.
- PEACH, betray you, turn King's
evidence; II. ii. 47.
- PEREMPTORY, bold, unawed; I. iii.
17.
- PERSONAL, in person; IV. iii. 88.
- PICK-THANKS, officious parasites; III.
ii. 25.
- PIERCE, with play on *Percy* (probably
pronounced *perce*); V. iii. 58.
- PINCH, vex, torment; I. iii. 229.
- PISMIREs, ants; I. iii. 240.
- PLAY OFF, toss off at a draught; II.
iv. 18.
- POINT, head of the saddle; II. i. 7.

- POMGARNET, Pomegranate, the name of a room in the tavern; II. iv. 42.
- POPINJAY, parrot; I. iii. 50.
- POSSESS'D, informed; IV. i. 40.
- POSSESSION, the possessor; III. ii. 43.
- POST, messenger; I. i. 37.
- POULTER, poulterer; II. iv. 480.
- POUNCET-BOX, a small smelling box perforated with holes for musk or other perfumes; I. iii. 38.
- POWDER, salt; V. iv. 112.
- POWER, army, force; I. i. 22.
- PRECEDENT, sample; II. iv. 37.
- PREDICAMENT, condition, category; I. iii. 168.
- PRESENTLY, immediately; II. i. 66.
- PROFITED, skilled, attained to great proficiency; III. i. 166.
- PROLOGUE TO AN EGG AND BUTTER, grace before an ordinary sort of breakfast; I. ii. 23.
- PROSPEROUS HOPE, hope of prospering; III. i. 2.
- PROTEST, a word used of petty and affected oaths; III. i. 260.
- PRUNE, applied to birds, to trim; to pick out damaged feathers and arrange the plumage with the bill; I. i. 98.
- PUKE-STOCKING, (probably) dark-coloured stocking; II. iv. 78.
- PURCHASE, gain, plunder (Ff., "*purpose*"); II. i. 101.
- PUSH; "stand the p. of," expose himself to; III. ii. 66.
- QUALITY, party; IV. iii. 36.
- QUESTION, doubt, misgiving; IV. i. 68.
- QUIDDITIES, equivocations; I. ii. 51.
- QUILT, a quilted coverlet; IV. ii. 54.
- QUIPS, sharp jests; I. ii. 51.
- QUIT, acquit, excuse; III. ii. 19.
- RABBIT-SUCKER, sucking rabbit; II. iv. 480.
- RAMPING, rampant, rearing to spring; the heraldic term; III. i. 153.
- RARE, excellent, used perhaps quibblingly; I. ii. 72.
- RASH, quick, easily excited; III. ii. 61.
- RATED, chid, scolded; IV. iii. 99.
- RATED, reckoned upon, relied upon; IV. iv. 17.
- RAZES, roots, (?) packages, bales; II. i. 26.
- READ; "hath r. to me," instructed me III. i. 46.
- REASONS, with a play upon "raisins"; II. iv. 264.
- REBUKE, chastisement; V. i. 111.
- RED-BREAST TEACHER, teacher of music to birds; III. i. 264.
- REGARD, opinion; IV. iii. 57.
- REMEMBER YOU, remind you; V. i. 32.
- REPRISAL, prize; IV. i. 118.
- REPROOF, confutation, refutation, I. ii. 213, III. ii. 23; angry retorts, III. i. 175.
- RESPECT, attention; IV. iii. 31.
- RETIRES, retreats; II. iii. 54.
- REVENGEMENT, revenge; III. ii. 7.
- REVERSION, hope of future possession; IV. i. 53.
- RICH, fertile; III. i. 105.
- RIVO, a common exclamation of toppers; II. iv. 124.
- ROAN, roan-coloured horse; II. iii. 72.
- ROUNDLY, ROUNDLY, speak out plainly; I. ii. 24.
- ROYAL, a quibbling allusion to the "royal" coin (=10 shillings; a "noble"=6s. 8d.); II. iv. 321.
- RUB THE ELBOW (in token of enjoyment); V. i. 77.
- RUDELY, "by thy violent conduct"; III. ii. 32.
- SACK, Spanish and Canary wines; I. ii. 3.

SACK AND SUGAR, alluding to the then custom of putting sugar into wines; I. ii. 125.

SAINT NICHOLAS' CLERKS, thieves, highwaymen (? due to a confusion of (1) Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of scholars, and (2) the familiar use of "Old Nick"); II. i. 67.

SALAMANDER, an animal supposed to be able to live in fire; III. iii. 53.

SALT-PETRE, nitre; I. iii. 60.

SALVATION; "upon their s," *i.e.* by their hopes of salvation (Ff., "*confidence*"); II. iv. 10.

SARCENET, a thin kind of silk, originally made by the Saracens, whence its name; here used contemptuously for soft, delicate; III. i. 256.

SCANDALIZED, disgraced (Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*so scandalized*"); I. iii. 154.

SCOT AND LOT, taxes; V. iv. 115.

SEAT, estates; V. i. 45.

SELDOM, rarely seen; III. ii. 58.

SEMBLABLY, similarly; V. iii. 21.

SERVANT, used adjectively, subject; I. iii. 19.

SERVICE, action; III. ii. 5.

SET A MATCH, made an appointment; in thieves' slang, "planned a robbery" (Ff., "*watch*"); I. ii. 119.

SET OFF; "s. o. his head," "taken from his account"; V. i. 88.

SETTER, the one who set the match; II. ii. 53.

SEVEN STARS, the Pleiades; I. ii. 15.

SHALLOW, silly, stupid; II. iii. 16.

SHAPE OF LIKELIHOOD, probability; I. i. 58.

"SHELTER, SHELTER," conceal yourself quickly; II. ii. 1.

SHOT-FREE, scot-free, free from charge; with play upon the word; V. iii. 30.

SHOTTEN-HERRING, a herring that has cast its roe; II. iv. 143.

SMILES, comparisons (Qq. 1-4 and F. 1, "*smiles*"); I. ii. 89.

SINEW, strength; IV. iv. 17.

SINK OR SWIM, "an old English proverbial expression implying to run the chance of success or failure"; I. iii. 194.

SIRRAH, generally used to an inferior; here an instance of unbecoming familiarity; I. ii. 200.

SKILL, wisdom, good policy; I. ii. 239.

SKIMBLE-SKAMBLE, wild, confused; III. i. 154.

SKIPPING, flighty, thoughtless; III. ii. 60.

SLOVENLY, battle-stained; I. iii. 44.

SMUG, trim, smooth; III. i. 102.

SNEAK-CUP, (probably) one who sneaks from his cup; III. iii. 99.

SNUFF; "took it in snuff," *i.e.* took it as an offence; with a play upon "snuff" in the ordinary sense; I. iii. 41.

So, howsoever; IV. i. 11.

SOLEMNITY, awful grandeur, dignity; III. ii. 59.

SOOTHERS, flatterers; IV. i. 7.

SOUSED GURNET, a fish pickled in vinegar, a term of contempt; IV. ii. 13.

SPANISH-POUCH, evidently a contemptuous term=drunkard; II. iv. 79.

SPEED; "be your s," stand you in good stead; III. i. 190.

SPITE, vexation; III. i. 192.

SPLEEN, waywardness; II. iii. 81.

SPOIL, ruin, corruption; III. iii. 12.

SQUIER, square (Q. 8, "*squaire*"; Ft. 3, 4, "*square*"; the rest "*squire*"); II. ii. 13.

SQUIRE; "s. of the night's body," a play upon "squire of the body," *i.e.* attendant upon a knight; I. ii. 27.

STAIN'D, soiled, bespattered (F. 1, "*strained*"); I. i. 64.

STANDING-TUCK, rapier set on end; II. iv. 274.

START; "s. of spleen," impulse of caprice; III. ii. 125.

- STARTING-HOLE, subterfuge, evasion; II. iv. 290.
- STARVE, to starve (Ff. "*staru'a*"); I. iii. 159.
- STARVELING, a starved, lean person; II. i. 76.
- STARVING, longing; V. i. 81.
- STATE, chair of state, throne; II. iv. 415.
- STAY, linger; "we shall stay" = we shall have stayed; IV. ii. 81.
- STEAL, steal yourselves away; III. i. 93.
- STOCK-FISH, dried cod; II. iv. 271.
- STOMACH, appetite; II. iii. 44.
- STRAIT, strict; IV. iii. 79.
- STRAPPADO; "the strappado is when a person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint, which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo" (Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*); II. iv. 262.
- STRENGTH, strong words, terms; I. iii. 25.
- STRONDS, strands; I. i. 4.
- STRUCK FOWL, wounded fowl; IV. ii. 21.
- SUBORNATION; "murderous s.," procuring murder by underhand means; I. iii. 163.
- SUDDENLY, very soon; I. iii. 294.
- "SUE HIS LIVERY," to lay legal claim to his estates, a law term; IV. iii. 62.
- SUFFERANCES, sufferings; V. i. 51.
- SUGGESTION, temptation; IV. iii. 51.
- SUITS, used with a quibbling allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal belonged to the hangman; I. ii. 81.
- SULLEN, dark; I. ii. 235.
- SUMMER-HOUSE, pleasant retreat, country house; III. i. 164.
- SUNDAY-CITIZENS, citizens in their "Sunday best"; III. i. 261.
- SUPPLY, reinforcements; IV. iii. 3.
- "SUTTON CO'HILL," a contraction of Sutton Coldfield, a town twenty-four miles from Coventry (Q. 2, "*Sutton cophill*"; Ff. and Qq. 5, 6, 8, "*Sutton-cop-hill*"; IV. ii. 3).
- SWATHLING CLOTHES, swaddling clothes (Q. 1, 2, 3, "*swathling*"; the rest, "*swathing*"); III. ii. 112.
- SWORD-AND-BUCKLER, the distinctive weapons of serving-men and riotous fellows; I. iii. 230.
- TAFFETA, a glossy silken stuff; I. ii. 11.
- TAKE IT, swear; II. iv. 9.
- TAKE ME WITH YOU, tell me what you mean; II. iv. 506.
- TALL, strong, able; I. iii. 62.
- TALLOW-CATCH = "tallow-ketch," i.e. a tallow-tub, or perhaps "tallow-keech" (Steeven's conjecture), i.e. a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler; II. iv. 253.
- TARGET, shield; II. iv. 224.
- TARRY, remain, stay; I. ii. 162.
- TASK'D, taxed; IV. iii. 92.
- TASKING, challenge (Q. 1, "*tasking*"; the rest, "*talking*"); V. ii. 51.
- TASK ME, test me; IV. i. 9.
- TASTE, test, try the temper (Q. 2, "*taste*"; Q. 1, "*tast*"; the rest, "*take*"); IV. i. 119.
- TEMPER, disposition, temperament; III. i. 170.
- TENCH; "stung like a t.," possibly there is an allusion to the old belief that fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas; or perhaps the simile is intentionally meaningless; II. i. 17.
- TERM, word (Ff. and Qq. 7, 8, "*dreame*"; Qq. 5, 6, "*deame*"); IV. i. 85.

- TERMAGANT**, an imaginary god of the Mahomedans, represented as a most violent character in the old Miracle-plays and Moralities; V. iv. 114.
- THEREFORE**, for that purpose; I. i. 30.
- THICK-EYED**, dull-eyed; II. iii. 49.
- THIEF**, used as a term of endearment; III. i. 238.
- TICKLE-BRAIN**, some kind of strong liquor; II. iv. 438.
- TINKERS**, proverbial tipplers and gamblers; II. iv. 20.
- TOASTS-AND-BUTTER**, effeminate fellows, Cockneys; IV. ii. 23.
- TONGUE**; "the tongue," *i.e.* the English language; III. i. 125.
- TOPPLES**, throws down; III. i. 32.
- TOSS**, "to toss upon a pike"; IV. ii. 71.
- TOUCH**, touchstone, by which gold was tested; IV. iv. 10.
- TRACE**, track, follow; III. i. 48.
- TRADE-FALLEN**, fallen out of service; IV. ii. 32.
- TRAIN**, allure, entice; V. ii. 21.
- TRANQUILLITY**, people who live at ease (Collier MS., "*sanguinity*"); II. i. 84.
- TRANSFORMATION**, change of appearance; I. i. 44.
- TREASURES**; "my t.," *i.e.* tokens of love due to me from you; II. iii. 48.
- TRENCH**, turn into another channel; III. i. 112.
- TRENCHING**, entrenching, making furrows; I. i. 7.
- TRICK**, peculiarity; II. iv. 445.
- TRIM**, ornamental dress, gallant array; IV. i. 113.
- TRISTFUL**, sorrowful (Qq., Ff., "*trustful*"); Rowe's correction; II. iv. 434.
- TRIUMPH**, public festivity; III. iii. 46.
- TROJANS**, cant name for thieves; II. i. 77.
- TRUE**, honest; I. ii. 122.
- TRUMPET**, trumpeter; "play the t." act the herald; V. i. 4.
- "TURK GREGORY"**; Pope Gregory VII.; V. iii. 46.
- TURN'D**, being shaped in the turning-lathe; III. i. 131.
- TWELVE-SCORE**, twelve score yards (in the phraseology of archery); II. iv. 598.
- UNDER-SKINKER**, under tapster; II. iv. 26.
- UNEVEN**, embarrassing; I. i. 50.
- UNHANDSOME**, indecent; I. iii. 44.
- UNJOINTED**, disjointed, incoherent; I. iii. 65.
- UNJUST**, dishonest; IV. ii. 30.
- UNMINDED**, unregarded; IV. iii. 58.
- UNSORTED**, ill-chosen; II. iii. 13.
- UNSTEADFAST**, unsteady; I. iii. 193.
- UNTAUGHT**, ill-mannered; I. iii. 43.
- UNWASHED**; "with u. hands," without waiting to wash your hands, immediately; III. iii. 206.
- UNYOKED**, uncurbed, reckless; I. ii. 219.
- Up**, up in arms; III. ii. 120.
- VALUED**, being considered; III. ii. 177.
- VASSAL**, servile; III. ii. 124.
- VASTY**, vast; III. i. 53.
- VELVET-GUARDS**, trimmings of velvet hence, the wearers of such finery; III. i. 261.
- VIRTUE**, valour; II. iv. 132.
- VIZARDS**, visors, masks; I. ii. 142.
- WAITING**; "w. in the court," *i.e.* "dancing attendance in the hope of preferment"; I. ii. 78.
- WAKE**, waking; III. i. 219.
- WANT**; "his present w.," the present want of him; IV. i. 44.
- WANTON**, soft, luxurious; III. i. 214.
- WARD**, posture when on guard; II. iv. 215.

WARDS, guards in fencing, postures of defence; I. ii. 211.
 WARM, ease-loving; IV. ii. 19.
 WASP-STUNG, (so Q. I; Qq. and Ff., "*wasp-tongue*" or "*wasp-tongued*") irritable as though stung by a wasp; I. iii. 236.
 WATERING, drinking; II. iv. 17.
 WEAR, carry, bear (Ff., "*wore*"); I. iii. 162.
 WELL, rightly; IV. iii. 94.
 WELL-BESEEMING, well becoming; I. i. 14.
 WELL-RESPECTED, ruled by reasonable considerations; IV. iii. 10.
 WHAT! an exclamation of impatience; II. i. 3.
 WHEREUPON, wherefore; IV. iii. 42.
 WHICH, who; III. i. 46.

WEALD OF KENT, weald of K.; II. i. 60.
 WILFUL-BLAME, wilfully blameable; III. i. 177.
 WIND, turn in this or that direction; IV. i. 109.
 WITCH, bewitch; IV. i. 110.
 WITHAL, with; II. iv. 566.
 WORSHIP, honour, homage; III. ii. 151.
 WRUNG IN THE WITHERS, pressed in the shoulders; II. i. 7.
 YEDWARD, a familiar corruption of Edward, still used in some counties; I. ii. 149.
 YET, even now; I. iii. 77.
 YOUNKER, greenhorn; III. iii. 92.
 ZEAL, earnestness; IV. iii. 63.



Notes.

I. i. 5. 'No more the thirsty entrance of this soil,' etc.; Folio 4, 'entrails' for 'entrance'; Steevens, 'entrants'; Mason 'Erinnys'; Malone compares Genesis iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened *her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand"; 'entrance' probably = 'the mouth of the earth or soil.'

I. i. 28. 'now is twelve month old,' so Qq. 1, 2; Ff., 'is a twelve-month old'; Qq. 7, 8, 'is but twelve months old.'

I. i. 71. 'Mordake the Earl of Fife'; this was "Murdach Stewart, *not* the son of Douglas, but the eldest son of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, third son of King Robert II." ('the' first supplied by Pope).

I. ii. 16. 'that wandering knight so fair,' an allusion to 'El Donzel del Febo,' the 'Knight of the Sun,' whose adventures were translated from the Spanish:—"The First Part of the Mirrour of Princely deeds and Knighthood: Wherein is shewed the Worthiness of the Knight of the Sunne and his brother Rosicleer. . . . Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar English tongue, by M(argaret) T(iler)"; eight parts of the book were published between 1579 and 1601. Shirley alludes to the Knight in the *Gamester* (iii. 1):—

"He has knocked the flower of chivalry, the very
Donzel del Phebo of the time."

I. ii. 47. '*Of Hybla*,' reading of Qq., omitted in Ff.; '*my old lad of the castle*'; probably a pun on the original name of Falstaff (*cp.* Preface).

I. ii. 99, 100. '*For wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it*'; an adaptation of *Proverbs* i. 20, omitted in Ff.

I. iii. 128. '*Albeit I make a hazard of my head*'; the reading of Qq.; Ff., '*Although it be with hazard of my head.*'

I. iii. 201, etc. This rant of Hotspur has been compared with the similar sentiment put into the mouth of Eteocles by Euripides—"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven; I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom."

In *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (Induction), Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, "apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense" (Johnson).

I. iii. 253. '*when his . . . age*,' *cp.* *Richard II.* Act II. iii. 48, 9, 'as my fortune ripens with thy love, It shall be still thy true love's recompense.'

II. i. 85. '*great oneyers*,' probably a jocose term for 'great ones,' with perhaps a pun on '*owners*'; various emendations have been proposed, e.g. '*oneraires*,' '*moneyers*,' '*seignors*,' '*owners*,' '*mynheers*,' '*overseers*,' etc.

II. iii. 90. '*I'll break thy little finger*,' an ancient token of amorous dalliance, as Steevens has shown by quotations.

II. iv. '*Boar's-Head Tavern*,' the original tavern in Eastcheap was burnt down in the great fire, but was subsequently rebuilt, and stood until 1757, when it was demolished. Goldsmith visited the tavern, and wrote of it enthusiastically in his *Essays*.

II. iv. 134. '*pitiful-hearted Titan*,' so the early eds.: Theobald

suggested 'butter' for 'Titan,' and the emendation has been generally adopted.

II. iv. 139. 'here's lime in this sack,' *cp.* Sir Richard Hawkins' statement in his *Voyages*, that the Spanish sacks "for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use."

II. iv. 151. 'dagger of lath,' like that carried by the Vice in the old Morality plays.

II. iv. 147. 'I would I were a weaver'; weavers were good singers, especially of psalms, most of them being Calvinists who had fled from Flanders to escape persecution.

II. iv. 270. 'you elf-skin'; so the Qq. and Ff.; Hanmer, 'eel-skin' (*cp.* 2 Henry IV. III. ii. 349-351); Johnson, 'elfkin.'

II. iv. 374. 'O, Glendorwer,' (?) perhaps we should read, 'Owen Glendorwer.'

II. iv. 425. 'King Cambyses' vein'; an allusion to a ranting play called 'A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia' (1570).

II. iv. 440. *The camomile*, etc., *cp.* Lyly's *Euphues* (quoted by Farmer): "Though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth."

II. iv. 499. 'that reverend vice,' etc., alluding to the *Vice* of the Morality plays; 'Iniquity' and 'Vanity' were among the names given to the character, according to the particular '*Vice*' held up to ridicule.

II. iv. 541. 'mad,' Ff. 3, 4; the rest 'made.'

II. iv. 577. 'Peto'; probably 'Poins,' according to Johnson; perhaps, the prefix in the MS. was simply 'P.' The Cambridge

editors, however, remark that the formal address is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poin.

III. i. 150, etc. 'telling me of the moldwarp,' cp. *Legend of Glendour* (stanza 23) in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559 :—

" And for it to set us hereon more agog,
A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlin doth a mouldwarp ever call,
Accurst of God, that must be brought in thrall
By a wolf, a dragon, and a lion strong,
Which should divide his kingdom them among."

III. i. 160, 161. Compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 5860 :—

" Thou saist, that dropping houses, and eek smoke,
And chiding wives maken men to flee
Out of her owen hous";

Vaughan adds the following :—" It is singular that Shakespeare should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb, which I would translate :

' Three things will drive a man from home :
A roof that leaks,
A house that reeks,
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'"

III. ii. 32. 'Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,' i.e. 'by thy rude or violent conduct'; there is an anachronism here, as the Prince was removed from the council for striking the Chief-Justice in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury.

III. ii. 38. 'doth'; Qq. and Ff., 'do,' which may be explained as due to the plural implied in 'every man'; Rowe, 'does'; Collier MS., 'doth.'

III. ii. 62. 'carded his state'; 'to card' is often used in Elizabethan

English in the sense of 'to mix, or debase by mixing' (e.g. "*You card your beer if you see your guests begin to get drunk, half small, half strong*," Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*); Warburton suggested 'carded' = "'scarded," i.e. "discarded"; but the former explanation is undoubtedly correct. 'To stir and mix with cards, to stir together, to mix,' the meaning is brought out by 1607 quotation from Topsell, *Four-foot Beasts*, "As for his diet, let it be warm mashcs, sodden wheat and hay, thoroughly carded with wool-cards."

III. ii. 154. '*If He be pleased I shall perform*'; the reading of Qq.; F. 1, '*if I performe, and doe survive*'; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*if I promise, and doe survive*," etc.

III. ii. 164. '*Lord Mortimer of Scotland*,' a mistake for Lord March of Scotland, George Dunbar, who took sides with the English.

III. iii. 40. '*By this fire, that's God's angel*'; the latter words omitted in Ff. and Qq. after Q. 2; evidently a familiar expression. Vaughan thinks the allusion is to Hebrews i. 7; but it is more probably to Exodus iii. 2.

III. iii. 144. '*neither fish nor flesh*,' alluding to the old proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

III. iii. 171. '*I pray God my girdle break*'; an allusion to the old adage, "ungirt, unblessed"; the breaking of the girdle was formerly a serious matter, as the purse generally hung on to the girdle, and would, in the event of the girdle breaking, probably be lost.

IV. i. 31. '*that inward sickness—*'; Rowe first suggested the dash in place of the comma of the early editions; the sentence is suddenly broken off.

IV. i. 85. '*term of fear*'; the Folios and later Quartos (7 and 8) '*dream*' for '*term*.'

IV. i. 98.

*' All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ';*

This, the reading of the early editions, has been variously emended; Steevens and Malone suggested that a line has dropped out after *wind*, and the former (too boldly) proposed as the missing line:—

" Run on, in gallant trim they now advance " :

on the other hand, Rowe's proposal to read '*wing the wind*' for '*with*' has had many supporters, though it is said that '*wing the wind*' applies to ostriches less than to any other birds; Dyce, however, quotes a passage from Claudian (*In Eutropium II.*, 310-313) to justify it:—

*" Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittet arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis
Pulverulenta volat " ;*

the Cambridge editors maintain that this means that the bird spreads its wings like a sail bellying with the wind—a different thing from '*winging the wind*.' " But the Cambridge editors," Dyce replies, " take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course, that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind, flies* along the ground (though she does not mount into the air)"; he adds the following apt quotation from Rogers:—

*" Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings."*

COLUMBUS, Canto VIII.

baited = *baiting*; *to bait* or *bate* = "to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly."

'*having lately bathed*'; "writers on falconry," says Steevens, "often mention the bathing of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds, after bathing, spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This, in the falconer's language, is called *bating*."

IV. ii. 31. '*younger sons to younger brothers*,' i.e. 'men of desperate fortune and wild adventure'; the phrase, as Johnson pointed out, occurs in Raleigh's *Discourse on War*.

V. i. *Stage direction*. The Quartos and Folios make the Earl of Westmoreland one of the characters; but, as Malone pointed out, he was in the rebel camp as a pledge for Worcester's safe conduct.

V. i. 13. '*old limbs*'; Henry was, in reality, only thirty years old at this time.

V. ii. 8. '*suspicion*'; Rowe's emendation for '*supposition*' of the early editions. Johnson points out that the same image of '*suspicion*' is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the same time by Dr William Alabaster.

V. ii. 18. '*adopted name of privilege*,' i.e. the name of *Hotspur* will suggest that his temperament must be his excuse.

V. ii. 33. '*Douglas*' must here be read as a trisyllable.

V. ii. 60. '*By still dispraising praise valued with you*'; omitted by Pope and others as 'foolish,' but defended by Johnson:—"to vilify praise, compared or valued with merit, superior to praise, is no harsh expression."

V. ii. 72. '*so wild a libertine*'; Capell's emendation for the reading of the Ff., '*at libertie*,' and Qq. 1-4, '*a libertie*'; Theobald

punctuated the line thus: 'of any prince, so wild, at liberty'; others proposed 'wild o' liberty,' which Collier erroneously declared to be the reading of the three oldest Quartos.

V. iii. 46, 47. 'Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms'; Warburton observes:—"Fox, in his *History*, hath made Gregory (*i.e.* Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand) so odious that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

V. iv. 81. 'But thought's the slave of life,' etc.; Dyce and others prefer the reading of Quarto 1.:—

*'But thoughts the slaves of life, and life time's fool,
And time that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.'*

i.e. "Thoughts, which are the slaves of life, aye, and life itself, which is but the fool of Time, aye, and Time itself, which measures the existence of the whole world, must come to an end" (Vaughan).

V. iv. 167. 'Grow great,' so Qq.; Ff. 'grow great again.'

V. v. 41. 'sway'; Ff. and later Qq. 'way.'







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